



One word love story



👁 553 ✓ 86 ★ 68

Chapter 1 by ɪʒɛ cɔld

Dear

Chapter 2 by Paper Beard



...

My mind drew a blank. I couldn't think of anything to write in the letter to her. I had so much to say but nothing would come out but single words with no structure.

...longing

...beauty

...ache

I sounded like a fool. It didn't matter anyway; horses can't read...

Chapter 3 by Phantim



Bestiality... it has such a negative connotation.

No one understands our love.

But how could I not love Juliet?

She was the perfect horse, strong, beautiful and submissive.

We used to take long rides

I still ride her, in more ways than one.

No need for saddles or conchords.

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I want to tell her how I feel, that she means more to me than just sex.
I wanted to write her a love letter saying how I feel.
But horses can't read.

Chapter 4 by LethalPianist



And even if they could, they could scarcely read more than one word. But if I were to give her a word, what would it be? Exactly what could explain the euphoria I felt while sleeping with her? How would I explain the relief I feel when I talked to her of my troubles when I couldn't sleep at night, and the sheer joy I had during my wild nights with her?
Bestiality be damned. I'm gonna write her a love letter, and the World Animal Protection services can't stop me.

Chapter 5 by LethalPianist



By now you must be wondering why I was sleeping with a horse. There's nothing wrong with it, but the circumstances of how I met Lily was very unique.

I found her, a young foal, at the local farm. When I asked the gruff old man if I could adopt her, he laughed in my face and told me she was his property. His PROPERTY. How dare he, objectifying the love of my life like that. I bet he trapped her in a cellar and beat her at night, poor Lily. When I told the man that I was going to marry her, he looked at me like I was crazy. I quickly put a stop to that when I kept hitting him with a wooden plank until tomato sauce spilled out of his head. Crazy Tomato man.

I then took Lily for myself and ran.

Chapter 6 by Phantim



I rode her into town... thinking it was too obvious to hide a horse in the city. I remember my Dad's old hunting cabin in the woods... it would be a few hour ride... but we could do it!

After hours of riding, stopping occasionally for food and water. We were here. Far away where no one would find us or judge our love.

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Love... I remember now that I wanted to write her a love letter for our love though paper wouldn't be enough!

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I climb up the ladder into the cabin's attic, I begin digging through all the boxes. Tearing them open, I am desperate, my heart's only desire is to tell Juliet how I feel. Finally my fingers brush against its cool metal form among the boxes. I reach down and pull it out, my father's old tattoo gun. Perfect, this is what I am looking for. I will write my letter not on measly parchment, but upon my own flesh!

Chapter 7 by BananaShakeDates



"Oh Juliet!" I cried, "Finally, I can speak with more than a pen and paper!".

Amazingly, there wasn't only a tattoo gun, but all the supplies I needed! Juliet was going to love me so much for this! I just know it!

Quickly, I ran back downstairs and grabbed my coat. After that, I ran all the way to the stables. "Juliet!" I cried out, moving to stall 3.

She softly neighed, and batted her eyelashes at me. Ah Juliet, always the seducer!

Chapter 8 by Phantim






They have been living out in the cabin for years now. You could say they have a pretty "stable" relationship.

the end

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